

Only Human After All

by Ayla

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Rating: R (USA), mainly Angel Angst

>
Pairing: A/F

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>Summary: Alternative scene from AtS, Sanctuary episode (slight SPOILERS). Angel
falls prey to human instincts while comforting Faith, and deliberately hurts

>Buffy by sleeping with the Rogue Slayer.

>Distribution: My site, Kleysa's Bad Girls, and anywhere else, but I would REALLY
like to come and visit it. In other words, email and let me know!

>
Notes: "::" denotes thoughts. And I refuse to accept Faith just rotting in jail.

>Uh-uh, no way. I like my ending better. *grin*

>

>

>
"I knew it." The words were said quietly, calmly, but thundered loudly in his

>brain. He couldn't turn to look at her, the warmth of her body pressing into his
side felt like Hell fire. He lay immobile staring up at his ceiling trying not to

>think about what had just happened, the petty events that brought him to this
horrible moment.

>
"There had to be only one reason for you to act all caring and concerned about

>me." There was a stirring next to him and then she was propping herself up on
one elbow and looking down at him. "All that goody goody crap about how everyone >needs a chance." Oddly, her smile was only slightly bitter as she reached out to
lightly trace her fingernails over the bare skin of his chest. "YOU needed a >chance, a chance at getting back at B."
>"Faith." The word came out low and ragged like it was being ripped from his
chest. >
"Shhh," She gently but firmly placed a finger across his lips, halting any >further words. "I think you're gonna let me finish what I have to say. Faith
smiled but it didn't reach her eyes. "It's only curtesy after all, I mean, I let >you finish what you needed to do. " She took his hand and placed it on the
sticky skin of her upper inner thigh and looked at him levelly, but he refused >to look into her eyes, pulling his hand back as if stung.

>She draped herself across his chest and he turned his head away and closed his
eyes. "Aw, com'on Big Guy, you had to enjoy it some. If it's any consolation, >you're definitely better then Riley." Faith was studying him like a predator out
of habit, probing him for any sign of a crack in his shell of numbness. She >sighed loudly and rolled over, off of his body. "And, I have to tell you, it's
so much better without all those cutsey endearments afterwards. I like a guy >willing to take his pleasure without mucking it all up with that "love" stuff.
It's such a turn off, those clingy, needy guys." She shot him a sly glance from >under her eyelashes to see if any of her barbs were hitting home.
>He muttered something low under his breath and she cocked her head to try and
catch it. "Sorry lover, gonna have to speak up. It's a little late to start >whispering sweet nothings in my ear now."
>He squeezed his eyes shut tighter. "Stop." He felt dizzy, probably would have
thrown up if he ever ate anything solid. >
"Oh, it's too late for that too, Angel. I may be utterly insane, but I'm not >stupid. I realized way back in old Sunnydale that there was never any way I was
going to be worthy enough to score the nifty White Knight boyfriend." She was >moving again, stretching and shifting, restless energy playing across both their
bodies. "Good old fashioned revenge, I can understand that. Glad I could do you >the favour of driving a knife into Buffy. Not exactly the same way I would have
chosen, but, hey! You know her the best right? The sight of the two of us >getting it on probably destroyed the last of her illusions about the Great Love
of Her Life." >
He felt dirty, soiled. He wanted a shower, he wanted to turn back the clock. >::been there, done that:: he thought sardonically. He felt Faith sit up and
swing her legs over the side of the bed. He looked at her then, making sure he >only saw her back, he couldn't look into those eyes, so deep and full of pain,
pain that mirrored his own, pain that called to him to try and pull her back

>from the edge of the abyss, pain that she was unable to hide from him no matter
how good the façade, pain that was still there because of his failure tonight.

>
"Faith. . . it just. I . . ." He stopped unable to articulate the jumble of

>feelings within him. There was nothing he could say to justify this at all, in
any way shape or form. He lost control, he slipped.

::yeah but WHY did you

>slip?:: Thinking of Buffy with that overgrown boy scout, making love to him,
LOVING him, felt like . . . like a sword slicing through his guts, the chaos

>whirling in his head deafening him like the angry wind of the vortex that sucked
him into Hell. He stiffened and bit his lip savagely trying to disassociate, but

>Buffy's face kept floating into his mind.

>::Buffy skating by herself in that ice rink so long ago, before that assassin
tried to kill her, looking so innocent and vulnerable, as he hid and watched her

>out of habit; Buffy deep in battle mode, skin flush with her exertion as she
moved with the precision of death, a haze of dust haloing her head; Buffy in his

>arms all golden and soaked with rain, staring up at him with big eyes and
trembling pouting mouth; Buffy licking ice cream off his chest right before they

>finally came together just like he always dreamed despite their destiny; Buffy
desperately weeping in his arms as they frantically held each other in that last

>minute, as she choked, 'It's not enough time.'; Buffy walking out of his office
and his life, again with no memory of their time together:: But now, most

>painful of all, Buffy walking in and seeing him with Faith in his arms as he was
comforting her after the demon attack.

>
He had sensed Buffy coming in through the confusion he felt with Faith and saw

>her standing there on the landing above them, looking down in shock. He'd frozen
only for the briefest second as they made eye contact, and then he stood,

>pulling Faith up with him, and kept her back to the landing as he deliberately
reached down to kiss the Rogue Slayer, confirming Buffy's immediate suspicions

>::Why?! Why have you never trusted me?!:: as he pulled Faith into a passionate
embrace that she responded to with as much heat as his own without dropping a

>beat. The slain demon's blood on her hands disappeared into the fabric of his
black shirt as she pulled on him and moaned in arousal.

>
He had lifted Faith's slight weight easily, and her legs slid around his waist

>naturally as he hesitated a brief second longer before breaking his eye contact
with Buffy and turning to walk into his bedroom ::the bed where they had laughed

>and loved and he learned about peanut butter and chocolate:: to lay Faith down
and take her wildly, no worries about hurting delicate feelings or leaving

>marks.

>He had no fear of losing his soul for he knew there was no happiness in this
act, just savage, selfish animalistic instinct born out of the basest of human

>emotions, anger and hurt. He was striking out and hurting Buffy the surest way
he knew how, not caring one wit for the inevitable

consequences. It was a
>boiling, hungry tide of ::lust:: revenge that swept him along well
after he felt
Buffy leave.
>
"You actually thought I didn't know she was there?" Faith's
voice snapped him
>back to reality as she stood and turned toward him unashamed of her
nakedness,
staring at him hotly. "B and me, we got a connection
too." She turned and
>grabbed her shirt, tousled brown hair rippling in the soft light of
the lamp.
"Maybe it's a Slayer thing." She shrugged into the
garment, breasts swaying,
>such a soft contrast to such a hard person. "But you sure didn't
play Mr. Subtle
when she showed up." She grinned at him sexily
and she leaned in to speak low
>and soft, the heat of her pouring over his dead skin, "Very nice,
that pick up
and carry move, mmmm." Faith licked her lips as if
she were tasting the memory.
>She pulled back and stepped into her leather pants, drawing them up
and over her
hips. She tossed her hair back over her shoulder,
and as she fastened the
>buttons, stared out into space. "I guess I got my answer about ever
apologizing
to Buffy. Now there's no way she's gonna get within
50 feet of me without trying
>to kill me again. Ever." She laughed, but it came out like a hard
bark.

>"Faith, I'm - I'm sorry."

>She held up a hand to stop him from continuing. "Oh no you don't,
Martyr Boy."
He stopped, confused at her mixed signals. Faith
picked up her backpack and
>busied herself closing zippers and stuffing the few stray belongings
back into
it's cavernous depths. "I knew she was there, Angel. I
knew what you were doing
>and why. You keep telling me to take responsibility for my actions,
that I have
choices." She finished and slung the bag over her
shoulder. "Call me selfish,
>hell, I'm sure most people do, but I was enjoying myself. Nothing
like a good
slaying followed by some great sex to revitalize a
person. Don't know if it was
>worth the price yet, but I was always a bad investor."

>Faith stopped talking and took a last look around, stopping on
Angel. She looked
at him for a long silent moment and it was as
if he could actually see some of
>the old Faith was melting away a little despite her best intentions
to try and
pour salt into his wounds. "Thank you for trying to. .
." She searched for the
>term she wanted, but nothing seemed to fit. "You tried. . . more
then most peop
- anyone has. I can't blame you too much - which
is a surprise to me - 'cause
>you're only human after all. Maybe they should give more vamps
souls." She gave
him a crooked grin. "Course, then I'd be out of
work, not that I'm officially on
>the books anywhere anymore."

>Angel's mouth worked as he looked at Faith standing before him.
There was a new
resolve burning in her eyes, only time would tell
if he'd doomed everyone of his
>friends to violent grisley deaths, but she was somehow, calmer, more
focused.

>She broke the moment with a characteristic toss of her head,
shrugging the pack
strap up a little. "Well, I'd better get going
before B brings back the

>calvary." She turned and walked slowly away, and then stopped at the door. "I'm
the one choosing to step into the darkness, Angel. But you did give me a little
>bit of light to guide my way." And then she was gone.

>He called out, "Faith!" but made no move to go after her. Silence was his only
answer, and the only thing that heard his low, tortured moan, "Buffy." as he sat
>on his bed head in his hands as he wept.

>finis

End
file.